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 Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name
 By Rupert Hughes
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 Andreas de Andrae, of Philadelphia, who claims that he will live to be a million years old, was proceeding to bury alive 30 of his credulous dupes, as a cure for nervousness. A squad of detectives appeared on the scene and took Andreas off to jail for breach of the peace. The graves were ready, the victims all stood in line, young, middle-aged and elderly sufferers from nerves, all anxious to be buried alive. Andreas says he will start a cult when he is released—no very difficult undertaking in America.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Lieut. Harry Mallory ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of taxicab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train.

CHAPTER II.—Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man.

CHAPTER III.—The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train.

CHAPTER IV.—"Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maudlin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears.

CHAPTER V.—She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb.

CHAPTER VI.—Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate berth.

CHAPTER VII.—Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling.

CHAPTER VIII.—Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell.

CHAPTER IX.—Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding hazing.

CHAPTER X.—Marjorie is distracted over their situation.

CHAPTER XI.—Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Anne Gattie, a fellow passenger.

CHAPTER XII.—Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers.

CHAPTER XIII.—Mrs. Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb.

CHAPTER XIV.—Mallory reports to Marjorie his failure to find a preacher.

CHAPTER XV.—They decide to pretend a quarrel and Mallory finds a vacant berth.

CHAPTER XVI.—Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train.

CHAPTER XVII.—Mallory again makes an unsuccessful hunt for a preacher.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Dr. Temple poses as a physician. Mrs. Temple is induced by Mrs. Wellington to smoke a cigar.

CHAPTER XIX.—Sight of preacher on a station platform raises Mallory's hopes, but he takes another train.

CHAPTER XX.—Missing hand baggage compels the couple to borrow from passengers.

CHAPTER XXI.—Jimmie gets a cinder in his eye and Mrs. Jimmie gives first-aid. Coolness is then resumed.

CHAPTER XXII.—Still no clergyman. More borrowing.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Dr. Temple puzzled by behavior of different couples.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Marjorie's jealousy aroused by Mallory's baseball jargon.

CHAPTER XXV.—Marjorie suggests "switching the train" in hopes that accident will produce a preacher.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Marjorie tries to induce the conductor to hold the train so she can shop.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Marjorie's dog is missing. She pulls the cord, stopping the train. Conductor restores dog and lovers quarrel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Lathrop wires for a preacher to marry him and Miss Gattie. Mallory tells Lathrop of his predicament and arranges to borrow the preacher.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Kitty Lewellyn, former sweetheart of Mallory's, appears and arouses Marjorie's jealousy.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Wedding on Wheels.
 The commotion of the matrimony-mad women brought the men trooping in from the smoking room and there was much circumstance of decorating the scene with white satin ribbons, a trifle crumpled and dim of luster. Mrs. Whitcomb waved them at Mallory with a laugh:
 "Recognize these?"
 He nodded dully. His own funeral baked meats were coldly furnishing forth a wedding breakfast for Ira Lathrop. Mrs. Wellington was moving about distributing kazooos and Mrs. Temple had an armload of old shoes, some of which had thumped Mallory on an occasion which seemed so ancient as to be almost prehistoric.
 Fosdick was howling to the porter to get some rice, quick!
 "How many portions does you approximate?"
 "All you've got."
 "Boiled or fried?"
 "Any old way." The porter ran forward to the dining-car for the ammunition.
 Mrs. Temple whispered to her husband: "Too bad you're not officiating, Walter." But he cautioned silence.
 "Hush! I'm on my vacation."
 The train was already coming into Ogden. Noises were multiplying and from the increase of passing objects, the speed seemed to be taking on a spurt. The bell was clamoring like a wedding chime in a steepie.
 Mrs. Wellington was on a chair fastening a ribbon round one of the lamps, and Mrs. Whitcomb was on another chair braiding the bell rope with withered orange branches, when Ashton, with kazoo all ready, called out:
 "What tune shall we play?"
 "I prefer the Mendelssohn Wedding March," said Mrs. Whitcomb, but Mrs. Wellington glared across at her.
 "I've always used the Lohengrin."

"We'll play 'em both," said Dr. Temple, to make peace.
 Mrs. Fosdick murmured to her spouse: "The old Justice of the Peace didn't give us any music at all," and received in reward one of his most luscious-eyed looks, and a whisper: "But he gave us each other."
 "Now and then," she pouted.
 "But where are the bride and groom?"
 "Here they come—all ready," cried Ashton, and he beat time while some of the guests kazooed at Mendelssohn's and some Wagner's bridal melodies, and others just made a noise.
 Ira Lathrop and Anne Gattie, looking very sheepish, crowded through the narrow corridor and stood shamefacedly blushing like two school children about to sing a duet.
 The train jolted to a dead stop. The conductor called into the car: "Ogden! All out for Ogden!" and everybody stood watching and waiting.
 Ira, seeing Mallory, edged close and whispered: "Stand by to catch the minister on the rebound."
 But Mallory turned away. What use had he now for ministers? His plans were shattered ruins.
 The porter came flying in with two large bowls of rice, and shouting, "Here comes the possum—er—possum." Seeing Marjorie, he said: "Shall I perambulate Mista Snoozle-ums?"
 She handed the porter her only friend and he hurried out, as a lean and professionally sad ascetic hurried in. He did not recognize his boyish enemy in the gray-haired, red-faced giant that greeted him, but he knew that voice and its goating irony:
 "Hello, Charlie."
 He had always found that when Ira grinned and was cordial, some trouble was in store for him. He wondered what rock Ira held behind his back now, but he forced an uneasy cordiality: "And is this you, Ira? Well, well! It is years since last we met. And you're just getting married. Is this the first time, Ira?"
 "First offense, Charlie."
 The levity shocked Selby, but a greater shock was in store, for when he inquired: "And who is the—er—happy—bride?" the triumphant Lathrop snickered: "I believe you used to know her. Anne Gattie."
 This was the rock behind Ira's back, and Selby took it with a wince: "Not—my old—"
 "The same. Anne, you remember, Charlie."
 "Oh, yes," said Anne, "How do you do, Charlie?" And she put out a shy hand, which he took with one still slyer. He was so unsettled that he stammered: "Well, well, I had always hoped to marry you, Anne, but not just this way."
 Lathrop cut him short with a sharp: "Better get busy—before the train starts. And I'll pay you in advance before you set off the fireworks."
 The flippancy pained Rev. Charles, but he was resuscitated by one glance at the bill that Ira thrust into his palm. If a man's gratitude for his wife is measured by the size of the fee he hands the enabling parson, Ira was madly in love with Anne. Rev. Charles had a reminiscent suspicion that it was probably a counterfeit, but for once he did Ira an injustice.
 The minister was in such a flutter from losing his boyhood love, and gaining so much money all at once and from performing the marriage on a train, that he made numerous errors in the ceremony, but nobody noticed them, and the spirit, if not the letter of the occasion, was there and the contract was doubtless legal enough.
 The ritual began with the pleasant murmur of the preacher's voice, and the passengers crowded round in a solemn calm, which was suddenly violated by a loud yelp of laughter from Wedgewood, who omitted guffaw after guffaw and bent double and opened out again, like an agitated umbrella.
 The wedding-guests turned on him visages of horror, and hissed silence at him. Ashton seized him, shook him, and muttered:
 "What the—what's the matter with you?"
 The Englishman shook like a boy having a spasm of giggles at a funeral, and blurted out the explanation:
 "That story about the bridegroom—I just saw the point!"
 Ashton closed his jaw by brute force and watched over him through the rest of the festivity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Foiled Yet Again.
 Mallory had fled from the scene at the first hum of the minister's words. His fate was like alkali on his palate. For twelve hundred miles he had ransacked the world for a minister. When one dropped on the train like manna through the roof, even this miracle had to be checkedmate by a perverse miracle that sent to the train an early infatuation, a silly affair that he himself called puppy-love. And now Marjorie would never marry him. He did not blame her. He blamed fate.
 He was in solitude in the smoking room. The place reeked with drifting tobacco smoke and the malodor of cigar stubs and cigarette ends. His plans were as useless and odious as cigarette ends. He dropped into a chair, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands—Napoleon on St. Helena.
 And then, suddenly he heard Marjorie's voice. He turned and saw her hesitating in the doorway. He rose to welcome her, but the smile died on his lips at her chilly speech:
 "May I have a word with you, sir?"
 "Of course. The air's rather thick in here," he apologized.
 "Just wait!" she said, ominously,

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